did disdaine my childe, and stoode betwnee her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blorred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expres a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to detray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'do as I aduise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but for:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Language, in each seuerall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe th' warting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues dlight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behnide,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes* whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high state.

Well

Well sayling ships, an
This King to *Tharsus*,
So with his sterage, sh
To fetch his daughte
Like moats and shado
Your eares vnto your

Enter Pericles at one
at the other. Cleon
make lamention, put
parts.

Gower. See how be
This borrowed passio
And *Pericles* in sorrow
With sighes shot throu
Leaues *Tharsus*, and a
Neuet to wash his fac
He put on sackcloth an
A tempest which his
And yet he rides it ou
To the Epitaph for *M*

The fairest, sweetest, a
Who withered in her sp
She was of Tirus the
On whom foule death
Marina was she called
That is being prond, s
Therefore the earth fe
Hath Thetis birth-ch
Wherefore she does and
Make raging Battrie

No vizor does becom
So well as soft and ten
let *Pericles* beleeue his
And beare his courses

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22338) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRAR